

T H E
Extravagant Wish:

A
D R E A M.

An qui amant ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?
Virgil, Pharmaceut.



D U B L I N :
Printed by G E O R G E F A U L K N E R .
M D C C X L I X .

EXETER ASSOCIATE VOLUME

D. R. F. A. M.

THE ASSOCIATE VOLUME
OF THE EXETER ASSOCIATION



DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER.
M DCC XLIV.

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

TH E Author wrote the following *Nothing*, in order to divert chagrining Thoughts, as some Persons, who try to command their Temper, hum, or whistle any ordinary Tune, when they have bad Success at Play; which is an excusable Motive; But as he cannot think of any satisfactory Apology, for offering such a Trifle to the Public; he comforteth himself with this only Reflection, That Readers of all Denominations will, probably, be inclined to bear with any little Piece (although never so insignificant) which maketh a grateful mention of their late, justly admired *Governor*.

TO THE

READERS

THE Author writes the following Noticing
in order to direct regarding Thoughts
of some Persons who say to condemn their
Thoughts, but, or rather, say of their Thoughts
which they have not shown as Play; which is
an admirable Matter: But as he cannot think
of any particular Person, for offering such a
Notice to the Public; he cannot think
with this only a Notice, that Readers of all
Persons will probably be inclined to
read with any mind (although never to be
the same) which is a great intention
of some late, justly entitled to notice.

T H E

Extravagant Wish:

A

D R E A M.

I Lately read, and read * in print
 (So, there can be no Falsehood in't)
 Of an old, honest, sober Creature,
 As any ever was in Nature,
 Who had his Sight like other People,
 And knew a *May*-pole, from a Steeple :
 His Ears were never known to blunder
 Between a Flajolet, and Thunder ;

And

* Hor. lib. ii. Sat. 3.

And so sagacious was his Palate,
 That he distinguish'd Hay, from Sallad : — 10
 His Feeling, too, was wond'rous keen :
 He could grope Velvet, from Shagreen :
 Nay, th' Author swears (and I believe it)
 He smell'd strong Garlick, from right Civet.
 Yet, had you search'd his *pia mater*, 15
 You'd found he was no *Erra-pater* *,
 And how absurd some Men's Pretence is
 To Sense, for having all their Senses :
 For, duly as the Morning came
 (Unless when he was sick, or lame) 20
 He ran to Church, and (what's prodigious!)
 With Looks and Posture most religious,
 He breath'd this *modest* Pray'r, so loud
 That he was heard by all the Crowd —
 " Kind Heaven! grant me my Request — 25
 " 'Tis but a small one, at the best —
 " Make me immortal — sure you can —
 " Do so much for one honest Man."

This having serv'd by way of Text,
 'Tis fit my Dream should come on next. 30

Having

* No Conjurer.

Having perus'd th' aforesaid Tale,
 I swallow'd down a Pint of Ale,
 The thirsty Poet's usual Drink——
 No doubt, by Choice—not want of Chink;
 For since, (as we are often told) 35
 'Tis Phœbus that produceth Gold;
 Who dares believe the God so greedy
 As to let any Bards be needy?

Pshaw! these Digressions must be banish'd,
 Or, ten to one, my Dream is vanish'd: 40
 Hang 'em; they only breed Confusion,
 By their disorderly Intrusion;
 Just like the *Cossack*, or *Hussar*,
 Who often spoils nice Schemes of War;
 Or *Harlequin*, that giddy Sot, 45
 Who loves to mar a serious Plot,
 Tickling the Thoughts of silly Folks,
 By thrusting in untimely Jokes;
 Or like——but, as I said before,
 I drank—and then——began to snore: 50
 For Ale, by how much 'tis the thicker,
 It proves the more an opiate Liquor:

And

And what I drink (I own it fairly)
Is made of * *Bere*, and not of *Barley*.

Nor Wife, nor Children, being near ; 55
Sole Monarch in my *Windsor-chair* ;
I dream'd a Dream so whimsical,
Product of Fumes intrinſical,
That it would puzzle even *Arte*—
—*midorus*, in *plerâque parte* : 60

But whip the roguish Auctioneer,
Who made me buy that Chair so dear.
How gravely did the Knave maintain,
That it had once embrac'd † *the Dean* !
It never did ; or I should find 65
Some little Virtue left behind :
For ‡ *Rabelais's* Chair, possess'd by *Swift*,
Never refus'd a friendly Lift,

But,

* Mostly used, in brewing the common
Ale-house Drink.

† *The Dean*, without any Addition, is ge-
nerally understood, in *Ireland*, as meant of
Dr. SWIFT.

‡ And laughs, and shakes, in *Rabelais's* easy
Chair. Pope.

But, *Tripod* like, when he sat in it,
 Inspir'd his Fancy, in a Minute.
 Well—hang it—since the Money's gone—
 E'en fare it well—my Tale goes on.

Methought I was convey'd to Court,
 Amidst a Crowd of ev'ry sort,
 Where ROYAL GEORGE, in all his Glory, 75
 Dispens'd his Smiles to *Whig* and *Tory*.

How truly great a Prince appears,
 When gaz'd on, without servile Fears!
 So Children view a tender Sire ;
 So bless, so rev'rence, and admire. 80
 Not so a Sultan, Cham, or * *Muley*,
 Or *Persia's* late *Protector Kouli* ;
 Besides pretended Christians too,
 Whom I could name, and so could you ;
 Fearful, in Life, of trembling Slaves, 85
 And curs'd, when sculking in their Graves.

With
 * Particularly, *Muley Ishmael*, late Emperor
 of *Morocco*, an Account of whose enormous
 Cruelties may be read in the Memoirs of the
 late Admiral Stuart's Embassy to that Court.

With Patriot-pleasure, next I spied
 The Nation's Hopes, on either Side ;
 Here FRED'RICK, with an Air serene,
 Presumptive Sov'reign of the Main ; 90
 There WILLIAM, whose Herculean Hand
 Subdu'd the *Hydra* of the Land.

Not far remote, a circling Crowd,
 Of various Hue, respectful bow'd ;
 Garter, Batoon, Star, Mitre, Ermin, 95
 And, in the Rear——low, *teasing Vermin*.

My Bob was modish ; but my Gown——
 Too much inclin'd to rusty brown :
 Therefore I thought this Station best,
 To screen me from the great Men's Jest. 100
 So, in some future, *wealthy* Year,
 * *St. Peter's* Fabric will appear :
 The Spire aloft, conspicuous, grand,
 Confessing † *Wren's* judicious Hand :
 The *Gothic* Parts, in Streets immur'd,
 From Critic's distant Ken secur'd.

Since

* The Collegiate Church of *Westminster*.
 † Sir *Christopher Wren*, who designed a
 Model for that intended Structure.

Since in a Church are motly Figures
 Of Gentry, Yeomanry, and Beggars,
 Which last may pray as well as you,
 But must not do it in a Pew ; 110
 No wonder here, if, in the Rear,
 Court-beggars may address a Pray'r,
 Provided they don't give Offence,
 By jostling Men of Consequence :
 But whether these are heard as well 115
 As those at Church—let wise Men tell :
 However, I'll just touch this Matter,
 And neither give Offence, nor flatter.

When big, tall Courtiers stand between,
 They make a plagued ugly Screen ; 120
 And let a Prince be ne'er so willing,
 His Hearing is not worth a Shilling :
 For Sounds go best in Lines direct :
 If not ; they have not half Effect :
 But *Jove* (as Poets all agree) 125
 Can hear above, from Land or Sea ;
 For when poor Suiters send their Message,
 No Mortal can obstruct it's Passage.

But, to return---I made my Bow:

* *Monfieur Le Sac* had taught me how; 139

And ('tis no Vanity of mine)

He swore I was a strange *Divine*;

Hinting that I eclips'd my *Betters*

Among the awkward Men of Letters.

Meer *French* Politeness, by the by: 135

He could not think so; † nor will I.

Still more Digressions! Murrain rot 'em:

I wonder where, the Duce, I got 'em.

Reader, I beg you will excuse

The Sallies of an half-bred Muse. 140

So, Children who have learn'd a Trick

Of nibbling *Thumbkin* to the Quick,

Unknowingly work *Might and Main*—

Then stop, when check'd—then to't again:

So Proverbs showr'd as thick as Hail, 145

When *Sancho* told a fav'ry Tale.

And

* Very eminent in his Profession, in the
Author's younger Days.

† — *Sed non ego credulus illis.*

Virg. Ecl. 9.

And now, the Circle grew much thinner,
In th' outward Part, and eke the Inner :
Besides THE KING advanc'd a little,
Which hit my Business to a Tittle. 159

With eager Haste I bent my Knee,
(The cheap and only Royal Fee).

“ My Liege (said I) I've no Pretension
“ To any Place of Trust, or Pension ;
“ Nor do I ask * to fill my Wish up, 155
“ By being made a Dean, or Bishop.
“ The utmost Height of all my Aims—
“ Is—a warm Parish—near St. James,
“ Whence, without paying Coach or Chair,
“ I may reach ST-NH-PE's † *Belvidere*, 160
“ As often as I'm ask'd to Dinner
“ In Summer, when the Town grows thinner,
“ And spacious *London* is not able
“ To make his *proper Set* at Table.

“ There,

* *Smedley's* Words inverted.

† By the Account which we have received
of that elegant Building, it appeareth that the
noble Architect did not forget his old Friend's
fundamental Rule—

Ponendaque domo quaerenda est area primum.

Hor. lib. 1. Epist. 10.

" There, without straining feeble Eyes, 165
 " Lift'ning shall make my Knowledge rise
 " In well-digested Learning, more
 " Than Heaps of Volumes could before :
 " For only Bees have subtile Powers
 " T'extract true Honey from the Flowers. 170
 " Or when *the Peer's* in chearful Vein,
 " I'll bid Defiance to the Spleen,
 " Protected from the chilling Fit
 " By th' *Amulet* of brilliant Wit,
 " As erst, near *Liffey's* silyer Flood, 175
 " In pleas'd Attention, fix'd I stood,
 " And long'd for ev'ry *Levee-Day*,
 " To charm desponding Thoughts away.

" *Great Monarch!* deign to lend an Ear,
 " And grant your loyal Subject's Pray'r— 180
 " I mean—whenever friendly Death
 " Shall stop some neighb'ring Rector's Breath."

I ended here ; and straightway after
 Arose a gen'ral Peal of Laughter,
 All, eagerly enquir'd my Name, 185
 And who I was, and whence I came ;
 And the Word *Bedlam* eccho'd loud,
 From Man to Man, through all the Crowd.
 Abash'd,

Abash'd, confounded, up I got,
 Ready to curse—mistake me not--- 190
 To curse Dame Fortune, by Prescription
 The Poet's *Butt* of Malediction.

But now, I thought (t'increase my Trouble)
 Th' inclosing Throng, at least, * grown double,
 Who, in combin'd and thick Array, 195
 With spiteful Sneers, stopp'd up my Way.
 I made strong Efforts---still was fast---
 Much struggling 'wallen'd me at last:
 I found myself † wedg'd in my Chair,
 And thank'd my Stars for being there. 200

* *Millia, quot magnis nunquam venere My-
 cænis.* Aen. 2.

† The Propriety of that Expression will be
 relished best, by those who are acquainted with
 the Author's Person.

F I N I S.

®

(18)

Alas! my countenance, and I go
Ready to die - I think me
To write I am not, by the
The poet's heart of Michaelson.

185
I thought (I think my trouble)
The incense of thought, at least, I own
Who, in earthly life, I think away
With silent tears, I thought of my way
I made strong faith - but was left
Which brings me, and I am left
I found myself - I was in my heart
And thank my strength, I was there

9-9-9

* All this, my heart, my heart, my heart
And
The poetry of the English will be
replied to, by those who are
the English people.

185

185

P. 1. N. 1. 2.